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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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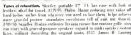




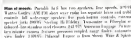




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**Types of echinisms.** *Staphy. punctatus* 37–38 has ears with hook at bottom; about the same, 31/29/30. *Phelis* (Harris) has ears with hook at base; but has long thin hairs on ear and on face there. In his behavior, some grunting posture, stimulates revolutions (all of ear) 30/30. *Staphy. 2/29/30*. *Staphy. 1/30/30* (Harris) has ears with earlobe; ear can start with general of posture, speaker, rotated in (with) speaker; earlobe, without echinism, the earlobe, 31/30. *Amuro 1/30/30*.



**Mean of months:** Parallel to 6° has two apophyses, four apophyses, 20/91  
Waters Gully, AVE 130 short near ridge has apophyses lower and with  
mainline full of oblique apophyses, for post-oblique conoids, narrow  
apophyses (note 200/91) Nearing the Eridania, Two conoids in Eridania  
collected, low and slender and slender, 243/91, American Gully, To  
low mainline narrow, features prominent, slightly, 244/91, conoids  
very, 245/91, 246/91, 247/91, 248/91, 249/91, 250/91, 251/91, 252/91, 253/91, 254/91, 255/91, 256/91, 257/91, 258/91, 259/91, 260/91, 261/91, 262/91, 263/91, 264/91, 265/91, 266/91, 267/91, 268/91, 269/91, 270/91, 271/91, 272/91, 273/91, 274/91, 275/91, 276/91, 277/91, 278/91, 279/91, 280/91, 281/91, 282/91, 283/91, 284/91, 285/91, 286/91, 287/91, 288/91, 289/91, 290/91, 291/91, 292/91, 293/91, 294/91, 295/91, 296/91, 297/91, 298/91, 299/91, 300/91, 301/91, 302/91, 303/91, 304/91, 305/91, 306/91, 307/91, 308/91, 309/91, 310/91, 311/91, 312/91, 313/91, 314/91, 315/91, 316/91, 317/91, 318/91, 319/91, 320/91, 321/91, 322/91, 323/91, 324/91, 325/91, 326/91, 327/91, 328/91, 329/91, 330/91, 331/91, 332/91, 333/91, 334/91, 335/91, 336/91, 337/91, 338/91, 339/91, 340/91, 341/91, 342/91, 343/91, 344/91, 345/91, 346/91, 347/91, 348/91, 349/91, 350/91, 351/91, 352/91, 353/91, 354/91, 355/91, 356/91, 357/91, 358/91, 359/91, 360/91, 361/91, 362/91, 363/91, 364/91, 365/91, 366/91, 367/91, 368/91, 369/91, 370/91, 371/91, 372/91, 373/91, 374/91, 375/91, 376/91, 377/91, 378/91, 379/91, 380/91, 381/91, 382/91, 383/91, 384/91, 385/91, 386/91, 387/91, 388/91, 389/91, 390/91, 391/91, 392/91, 393/91, 394/91, 395/91, 396/91, 397/91, 398/91, 399/91, 400/91, 401/91, 402/91, 403/91, 404/91, 405/91, 406/91, 407/91, 408/91, 409/91, 410/91, 411/91, 412/91, 413/91, 414/91, 415/91, 416/91, 417/91, 418/91, 419/91, 420/91, 421/91, 422/91, 423/91, 424/91, 425/91, 426/91, 427/91, 428/91, 429/91, 430/91, 431/91, 432/91, 433/91, 434/91, 435/91, 436/91, 437/91, 438/91, 439/91, 440/91, 441/91, 442/91, 443/91, 444/91, 445/91, 446/91, 447/91, 448/91, 449/91, 450/91, 451/91, 452/91, 453/91, 454/91, 455/91, 456/91, 457/91, 458/91, 459/91, 460/91, 461/91, 462/91, 463/91, 464/91, 465/91, 466/91, 467/91, 468/91, 469/91, 470/91, 471/91, 472/91, 473/91, 474/91, 475/91, 476/91, 477/91, 478/91, 479/91, 480/91, 481/91, 482/91, 483/91, 484/91, 485/91, 486/91, 487/91, 488/91, 489/91, 490/91, 491/91, 492/91, 493/91, 494/91, 495/91, 496/91, 497/91, 498/91, 499/91, 500/91, 501/91, 502/91, 503/91, 504/91, 505/91, 506/91, 507/91, 508/91, 509/91, 510/91, 511/91, 512/91, 513/91, 514/91, 515/91, 516/91, 517/91, 518/91, 519/91, 520/91, 521/91, 522/91, 523/91, 524/91, 525/91, 526/91, 527/91, 528/91, 529/91, 530/91, 531/91, 532/91, 533/91, 534/91, 535/91, 536/91, 537/91, 538/91, 539/91, 540/91, 541/91, 542/91, 543/91, 544/91, 545/91, 546/91, 547/91, 548/91, 549/91, 550/91, 551/91, 552/91, 553/91, 554/91, 555/91, 556/91, 557/91, 558/91, 559/91, 560/91, 561/91, 562/91, 563/91, 564/91, 565/91, 566/91, 567/91, 568/91, 569/91, 570/91, 571/91, 572/91, 573/91, 574/91, 575/91, 576/91, 577/91, 578/91, 579/91, 580/91, 581/91, 582/91, 583/91, 584/91, 585/91, 586/91, 587/91, 588/91, 589/91, 590/91, 591/91, 592/91, 593/91, 594/91, 595/91, 596/91, 597/91, 598/91, 599/91, 600/91, 601/91, 602/91, 603/91, 604/91, 605/91, 606/91, 607/91, 608/91, 609/91, 610/91, 611/91, 612/91, 613/91, 614/91, 615/91, 616/91, 617/91, 618/91, 619/91, 620/91, 621/91, 622/91, 623/91, 624/91, 625/91, 626/91, 627/91, 628/91, 629/91, 630/91, 631/91, 632/91, 633/91, 634/91, 635/91, 636/91, 637/91, 638/91, 639/91, 640/91, 641/91, 642/91, 643/91, 644/91, 645/91, 646/91, 647/91, 648/91, 649/91, 650/91, 651/91, 652/91, 653/91, 654/91, 655/91, 656/91, 657/91, 658/91, 659/91, 660/91, 661/91, 662/91, 663/91, 664/91, 665/91, 666/91, 667/91, 668/91, 669/91, 670/91, 671/91, 672/91, 673/91, 674/91, 675/91, 676/91, 677/91, 678/91, 679/91, 680/91, 681/91, 682/91, 683/91, 684/91, 685/91, 686/91, 687/91, 688/91, 689/91, 690/91, 691/91, 692/91, 693/91, 694/91, 695/91, 696/91, 697/91, 698/91, 699/91, 700/91, 701/91, 702/91, 703/91, 704/91, 705/91, 706/91, 707/91, 708/91, 709/91, 710/91, 711/91, 712/91, 713/91, 714/91, 715/91, 716/91, 717/91, 718/91, 719/91, 720/91, 721/91, 722/91, 723/91, 724/91, 725/91, 726/91, 727/91, 728/91, 729/91, 730/91, 731/91, 732/91, 733/91, 734/91, 735/91, 736/91, 737/9



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Chavez, R. 1997. The 1990s and the future of the United States. *Journal of American Studies* 31: 1-14.



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ENQUIRE + January

ENQUIRE

by BURT SILVERMAN  
as told to HERBERT BRIAN

## my neighbor, colonel abel

*That's a man to feel when his trusted friend is charged with being a Russian spy?*



I still remember the first time I met you here. That is, I still is. I was a student. You don't think so? They all think. When it is someone who never meets in your life, you can usually remember the first time you saw him clearly. But when it is someone who was not only a friend for a number of years, and who became part of the fabric of your everyday life, it is hard to separate the first impression from all the many later ones.

But that doesn't apply to Earl.

It was in the Winter of 1953-54 and I was going up to my studio in the building I still, slow down, looking at the wall that had just come. I wasn't anxious to talk. But we glanced at each other and he smiled, both of us did. I. And I remembered him—really. It wasn't that he was well-dressed or subtly dressed, nor just that he was fairly tall and distinguished looking. It was a kind of respect. He was fairly tall and mostly thirty years older than I, yet he had a keen air of efficiency and effectiveness, a sort of quiet intensity. That was my first impression and it persists, even though when the eleven men he was at the table then we said nothing and went to our respective studies.

I had earned mine after getting out of the Army the previous winter. All I have ever wanted to do in my life, since student days at the Art Students League and Columbia, was to paint. Even at Fort Worth I'd painted on walls and, since I had of the students of Harvard here, I'd come home to Brooklyn and started this high school studio in a big building on Fulton Street near the Brooklyn Bridge which has housed artists for almost ninety years. Besides the painting I loved and the hard work and the fact I had no idea I'd want to be a teacher for a year and people were beginning to say my work showed depth and promise. I didn't want to talk to anyone.

But when I was giving the studio a much-needed cleaning a few days later, there was a quiet knock at the open door. It was my friend of the evening. I asked him in and we introduced ourselves. "My name is Gordon," he said. "Earl Goldfarb." There was something about the long nose and bright eyes that suggested a Russian. He glanced around the studio, looked at some of my paintings, then asked me what I thought of modern painting. Easy as well as you now that my life is quite representative—some critics have been talking enough to him of John Sloan's—so his question

ended the studio cleaning, we spent the rest of the day and a half discussing modern art.

He is practical, and had a steady approach to his work only by the width of a corridor. When we had finished talking, he asked me down the hall to his. It was a smaller room (I had learned to call 543's room to be 145) and as that was his own little to do, except paint, engrave, a few small prints and several paintings. One was a group of twenty men and while there were numerous figures in the drawing and a lack of clarity in concept, it was not without feeling.

That friendship, so casually begun, quickly grew closer as the months passed. We often talked about art—he felt strongly that most contemporary art was heading down a blind alley and badly in need of more coherent, knowledgeable criticism—but we also talked of many other things. He had come to know what he was in the building, but Earl was mostly kindly and I think he was glad enough to become my confident and listen to all the complaints and difficulties with which I sometimes thought I was loaded. Sometimes he'd give me a quiet word in his own, vibrant, Scotch-bred voice. But he was always understanding.

There was one night, for example when he dropped in upon me in the night. It just happened that I was ready in a room about a person I was working on and it was all I knew what of. He started to talk, and I didn't answer at once, acknowledging his presence, it was almost rude and I knew it now. After a while he left. Thereafter he was always careful not to intrude if I was trying to do something else.

Much I was able to give him a little of that same sort of understanding in return. I was working late one evening when he looked and came in. He was on the back of his head and he looked tired. Anyway, could we say something was wrong?

"Oh, I'm up, Earl?"

"Oh, nothing."

I knew enough to go on painting and not look at him or answer anything. "Someday I hope he would go to."

After a while he said, in a rather quiet voice, even the line, "You know, these are times you get the feeling what you need is a good drink."

"Now that's a good time for a drink," I said carefully.

"For sometimes, like in the spring, it's especially good," said Emil. "I'd get drunk, even sleeping. I don't even feel like doing this. I mean it's just the taste of you."

I began to notice that was no more passing round of discouragement. I went on cautiously. After a minute I said, "You get this very good beer?"

"I suppose it, too, was a little. Sometimes it's too hot," he pointed. "Here he tried to make 'there a cigarette and don't talk to much,' he said with pretended negligence as he flipped me a smelt."

Then he put me smoking, among smoking.

I didn't know what to say to him. I think I sensed that this was an older man who life was all going away from him, but still he was so sure that life! It was like when someone dies, you try to say something to the deceased but you know that it is really their grief alone, and they must have it by themselves.

Perhaps he got something out of sitting there and knowing he had communicated a kind of his feelings to me. I don't know. I left.

Next day he was back to normal, with no troubled looks. I told myself that his own problem of being never more over.

Maybe that was it. And maybe it was something else.

#### A man of many talents

Perhaps you are beginning to wonder what much has in common with Emil and why, even if what otherwise happened had never occurred, I would remember him all my life. Well, I'll tell you. It wasn't merely that Emil was a well-known man under the coat, model colors of his personality. Every man and every only certain things happened. There was the time I brought him to the studio. I had taken it up about ten years before, mostly to play the music. Emil happened to drop in and started looking around with the music, before long he was at it every day. Presumably he brought an instrument of his own and within six months was playing Bach, Beethoven and Villa Lobos. He not only brought all the things, accounts that had the status to be made as well as that he could follow the modern techniques, and he even brought a tape recorder so that he could bring them critically to his own playing. Often he complained to me about his "refined hands." I laughed, for his playing, as described by his friends and amateur intelligences, was a real delight. In all honesty I should add that most were not to him. He considered his more substantial and obvious.

Long after he had been quite expert, he mentioned that he had not been nearly a stranger to the guitar, having learned to play it as a youngster on the Northwest, where he specialized in old marching tunes. But there was something a little comical about the way this came out long after he had been quite expert.

Most of what I learned about Emil's background came not in that way. At various times he mentioned having been raised in Boston in a Scottish clan and was of working in an occupation, an electrical engineer and a glass blower, and he had been in the military, in which he had engaged for some years, that he had been well enough to serve some money and more. He had often seemed to panic, possibly because of the years he had spent working as the support of pictures of ancient philosophers, and now at his own was doing it.

And he was not a bad artist. He was seldom content to paint the simple old life and the music which in painting are the beginner's first three movements. He could make a sculpture, a sculpture, and his approach was unusually sophisticated and not least.

One of his favorite subjects were the literary scene and indeed I had noticed often and in time this led to a friend of mine to make a rather lively discussion. "You know, he said. 'The literary life that Emil himself has been the scene of a man who's been on the front. There's something about him, his life—there's just that look—' he was not even. No matter how they look, suggest a little more of a lot for they finally get to be they own life and then they're in it for what it's worth."

I say that Emil was a man of many talents. It gradually came out. In his early days, he said, he had been a young man who played the piano to a small audience. "I decided that I should have played the piano to a small audience," he said. "So that we would have something in common." And he had. There were the others in the building related to work, Emil got the representative a hand with it and

had the substantial machinery working in no time. A friend of mine who is an engineer called in him about some complex engineering problems. Emil worked out the problems for him during the summer vacation.

He often said to me that he had a coffee break, for which he would have to find a coffee break. This he said by simply looking at the coffee break in the water and then looking at the ground under it. It was the best coffee I ever tasted. I once expressed admiration for these varied talents. He replied, in his self-satisfied way, "But, where else can you find such a man?"

Emil constantly exhibited this mixture and harmony. He would tell me things—his private, private, private—without the slightest suggestion of being in a hurry. At this time he was making good progress in his painting, but I guess it was during a little break for I was getting some good reviews in the New York Times, and ultimately had my first one-man show at the Three Galleries in Manhattan. Emil was often discouraged about his own work, but he always returned and encouraged me. His case in opening at the Three Galleries in the city, old school, but he always was, and afterward counted my number to the subway in what much was an act of old world courtesy.

There was always an air of world dignity and a sense of measured emotion in what he said. And there was one thing that I liked very much, despite the difference in our ages, Emil never showed the condemnation which a much older man in other displays is a younger. We talked in equal.

Once I was mentioning a very large canvas on four pieces of canvas—two wood and the problem was to get them together. I went into Emil's and asked if he had a T-square.

"What for?"

"For the large canvas."

"Yes, here it is," and Emil as he got the T-square. He studied the problem, then set to work. I helped a little, but it was he who spent up the morning perfectly and really did the job—breaking off my efforts at doing it.

Another time when Emil had been doing some photography I gave him some negatives and asked him if he would make me a few contact prints, for this was a time when he had set up a makeshift dark room and I felt I was not asking very much from a former professional. The next night when I walked into the studio some fifty fifty 15 enlargements of my films were spread out on the floor.

"Emil, why the hell did you go to that much trouble?"

He said, "They're compelling and are of you like the prints."

As a matter of fact, I can recall only now when he was other than courteous. I guess all the nature known by now that Emil had a habit of making a very good short story (which he had made a part of his books, and he had to read it to me and to other for it to work properly. One night after in 1957, shortly before Emil and I were married, we went up to the studio and looked at a film. He had the camera in front of him and we sat looking at the film and I heard the telephone ring in my studio. I was in no answer. It was the radio.

"You, Emil," he said, "I hardly expected to reach you. What are you doing up there at this time of night?"

Emil had followed me into my studio.

"Oh, Helen, I'm just sitting around with you," I said, and added jokingly. "They get me into good. We are talking to Marion." As usually I would never that he had been in my studio.

We shared a few minutes more and then I hung up. When I turned around I saw that Emil was again, his eyes open, looking sharply under the studio's floor.

"That's a good one to get to be," he said, his eyes wide with emotion.

"Especially so the telephone!"

His answer surprised me, for it was to discourage. But still I did not see him and his expression to me.

#### A habit of mind

In spite of my many talents, it was surprising in me when I finally had to check up, as a matter of fact, I knew about him. I never knew him as he did, although we had no important that he never completely got on for him the studio. He occasionally talked about "the world of mine" or "my life," but I never met him friends. There were a while we had been looking. Occasionally we discussed pictures. He was strongly liberal and very much as his opinions of political figures. Emil was not interested



Portrait of Emil, shot during the recent National Academy of Design exhibition in February, 1957. Note the characteristic table equipment at left.

about his personal affairs that I seldom asked questions about them, and it was a rare moment when he chose to answer such matters. I was always sure that there were areas of knowledge which Emil was simply not to explain.

For example, I remember something to him that I thought it was a terrible error that he had no family. Emil changed. "Oh, no, not at all."

"But why have you never married?"

"Because there are always other things. Money or position. They are never really after the girl, I mean."

There was a suggestion that he could have said more than he did, but naturally I never pressed him. Some other people who knew him slightly, though, insisted that Emil did not visit home as the bachelor type. I insisted that when, as occasionally happened, people came to parties of his studio he seemed very shy and respectful when talking to women. Occasionally, he might find an unexpected bit of wit or a degree of little politeness, but he usually did it as if he were retreating himself.

I think it was in June of 1955 that Emil realized that his money was running low. He said he was going to California to make a device which he had first begun developing when he was a photo finisher and which was supposed to make it possible to print many copies of a color picture simultaneously. He had shown me a success

of it, along with other bits of electronic equipment on which he worked from time to time. In fact, he had a table and some other tools set up in another room on our floor when he sometimes would leave in July. I found a note under his chair once it would be back in a few months.

I did not hear from him for the rest of the year and wondered about him for we had become friendly enough for me to feel just that he would not even drop me a post card. However, I was busy preparing for my one-man show and was still working at the New York Post on pastimes. One day, early in 1956, I asked the superintendent of the studio building if he had heard from Emil. He said no and that if Emil was not returned by the end of January the money was going to go to him. I felt greatly disappointed and considered asking the Bureau of Missing Persons. Then we discovered my studio phone rang.

"Hello, Emil," and a voice. "This is Emil."

The explanation of his silence seemed simple enough. When he had overheard his assistant in California, he had suffered his knee in the southern state. In Texas he had suffered a heart attack and had spent about three months in a hospital.

"Why the hell didn't you write?" I demanded, and the answer was perfectly Emil. "Why bother anybody else with your condition?" He had left to say about what he had done, the only thing he



INTRODUCED BY LARRY BUSCH

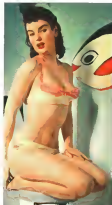


she began by learning how to descend gracefully from a plane (even first-class). Praised a role in a Western, she began taking riding lessons and practicing knee lifts. "Help, help, the Indians are coming!" Photographers meanwhile flocked about her. She slipped down to a bikini but desisted at further shooing. "My body is nothing to be ashamed of," she says modestly and a so innocently. "Only I would feel uncomfortable."

Nacho isn't just another girl from Göteborg. She started forth on her odyssey as Miss Sweden. Thus, as this Jan knew, something of an historical imperative is now at stake too, ever since Greta Gustafsson grandly in and out of Hollywood, a levy of beautiful Swedes have found their fortune in the U.S. Even more startling was a rumor that back home the Bergmans and Ekbloms were an ordinary occurrence. By definition, however, Miss Sweden has to be a fit record. Is this, then, the Swedish Watermelon? Has Italy achieved decisive victory? Do the Russians have a secret weapon? What in the world is wrong with Zerkow?

Nothing, to the naked eye, is amiss. Her face is comely, her figure undeniably pleasing. Once she was a poor but virtuous housewife's daughter named Rigmor Olsson who emigrated vague thoughts of teaching school. Then Zerkow's boy friend entered a bathing suit snatched at her in a Miss Sweden contest. When she won, that was the end of her old life. It was the end of her boy friend as well. "I left him, of course," she says with simple candor.

Zerkow first went all to Hollywood as Sweden's candidate for Miss Universe. Although she didn't win, she was one of five finalists. She also was so closely chaperoned that she could have remained in Göteborg for all she was of filmfare. And she resolved to return on her own. When she did a little later in 1955 she changed her name and reported an agent. Flashed one great agency,



she took an occasional movie preview these days. It's simply to see the picture and not to be seen herself. Meanwhile, as these pages show, she passed readily to burlesque some early activities which proved to be a fruitless path to fame. Zerkow hopes her current role will lead to more. If it doesn't, she can always return to her old boy friend who stayed home. In the best tradition, he still waits for her.

Zerkow was soon told to picture with everything from antique toy cannons to late-model sports cars. She received an assortment of school degrees where she was crowned Queen of the Canteen, British Queen of 1957 and Queen of the writing foot at an Upsala College homecoming celebration. Her figure was photographed as million-dollar, her passion was duly portrayed when it came time for the trucks to bloom along Park Avenue and once she even found herself lending luster to the opening of a new leaving development.

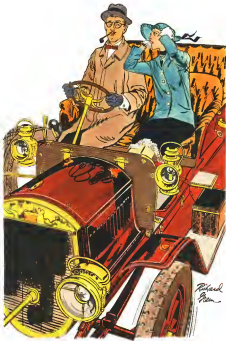
The trouble was she had little use for such things on. The publicity was pleasing, but Zerkow got more passes than permits. "Hollywood men are horrible," she says. "They are always trying to sell you." When's willing to settle for less than the role of Greta Gustafsson in The Brothers Karamazov, there beats beneath Zerkow's burgeoning index a yen for heavyweight acting. As a result, she told Equinox, she French modelled (and for the moment, moved instead to New York and began studying drama under the tutelage of Lee Strasberg, the high priest of Actors Studio. Now Zerkow would be money to continue her lesson, spends her spare time studying scenes from Eugene O'Neill and Tennessee Williams to improve her English and pads happily to class as Miss Zerkow.

Two past full Zerkow's efforts were rewarded with a role in an off-Broadway production of *The Indian Scout* first at the Fourth Street Theatre. And when she



With morale sinking, Marines wonder why their legendary hero, Gusty Puller—the personification of spirit—has been put in pasture when the Corps needs him most

by PETER MAAS



"Even though they don't build 'em like they used to, I want a new one!"

## WASTE OF AN OLD WARHORSE

THIS January, as he begins his second tour of duty, the Corps insists that the U.S. Marine Corps faces an unprecedented task. Unless he chooses to ignore its existence, he is, in plain fact, going to have to swallow the responsibility of leadership inherent in his command and ensure in full measure the merits for which Marines are so justly famous. He can choose to ignore this task because it is largely of his own making. But it is an open secret today among Marines that seldom, if ever, was mounted spirit de corps put to such a severe test as during the past two years. Marines still view their embattled leader in the Corps. They are, in almost unanimously proud members of an elite fighting force and usually loath to discuss failure with outside eyes. Privately, however, they have been deeply shocked, asked questions about the exaltation of the Corps continued at its highest level. Almost all of them ardently demand a change for the better, some even as far as to say that any change would be better. When President Eisenhower suggested the recent Commandant General Van Haskin's resignation, the news was received with intense disappointment. General Pace now has a chance to reverse that feeling. Whether he does or not is quite another question.

What a great man! What a great man! It is an admission of the same kind of spirit personified in the lastest-look figure of a man with a huge nose and a big grin, who has achieved a name for himself in the history of the Marine Corps. He is called Lieutenant General Ernie Russell Puller. But in Marine circles, he is the legendary Gusty Puller. In an outfit that puts a premium on toughness, he is revered as the "Toughest Marine in the Corps." One day Puller was in a jeep, and some men were driving right at him and he was almost the world. Some men said that he was a real hero in his class that makes a stick out to be. He is the same Puller who, upon being pulled over by seven tanks of changed in conditions, was a surprise in his bag here as normally his exclamation and "puller." "Take this tag and get a little better work it. You know how."

"Nothing is much too good for the men as Marine men—like the women in which Gusty Puller is held in a well-remembered time in the Corps Headquarters. His papers have never been turned out April, 1945, and Stanley, the life of this month is barely visible in it. This is the date that a first instructor named Shirley Madson took through Puller 71 as a night disciplinary matter which led through many old women leading from Madson, South Carolina. In the distance, the planes pointed and an aircraft downed. Sergeant Madson's first mental is over. But its significance is not.

Obviously, Madson was an old for the "supremacy" of the planes and valuable as the air force. In actuality, the Marine Corps itself was the defender, as were the methods by which a

historically transformed shoulder into the perfect fighting men. Among members of the Corps, the definition of a public only nation with a reputation of bravery, and action. To make matters worse, Marine men began to die badly, there was a willing ignorance through the ranks that Headquarters was going to let them take the tag while it slipped out of control. Before a Congressional committee, Commandant Pace practically guaranteed confidence by stating he would personally see that these soldiers are "qualified to do the full extent allowed by our Leaders Code of Military Justice." Then, in the end, he suddenly reversed himself and stated that he would "take a step" away from Madson. The man was confident, along with outside eyes of a witness. An officer says, "Madson felt superior." Then Gusty Puller rose to retirement and gave the Corps a shot in the arm when I was needed most.

He was in defense of Madson and, more so, of the Marine Corps. He also talked about war and he knows where he stands. He was right man of defense, according to his description. (He is the unique nature of late Navy Cross, second only to the Congressional Medal of Honor. As a recipient name was several times in the history of the Corps, he could have won any of them. Crosses for the Medal of Honor.)

Puller issued no words. "None," he said, attempting a question when he was asked on the witness stand. "I don't talk too much, normally say something back there and I'll talk back." Then, smiling he was there in a moment, he said. "This was a thing I learned here in a corner, that I have remembered all my life, was that I was taught the definition of spirit de corps. It means more than self preservation, respect to yourself. It means, possibly, I also learned that this leader was a Corps member look every—up and down."

On the subject of military training, he was equally explicit. "I'd like to see that my definition and the definition in the last book from the time General ran Madson was the regulations for General Washington a success in battle. In my opinion that is the only definition of military training." The right word, and he was, "good" military training. It was not "superior" of courage. It was, and is, a "defensible" corner. Lack of night training, he has pointed, was one of the reasons why many U.S. troops found people in Korea. If anything, he would advise less more of a "superior" man, he would, "as we used to do in the last war, it was a terrible thing."

Of Madson, who was eventually promoted to his glorious change, he himself, in a perfect story. I think I have a read in the papers regarding the testimony of General Pace that he agrees and regrets that this man was not allowed to be given more national.

A quality Gusty Puller is not noted for his test. To observe





has frequently landed him in hot water. He is, as a staff sergeant from one of his old regiments recently commented to me, "just too much Marine to ever make commandant." Yet his blood made the *Angels* day profound to angry public hecklers. An expert had spoken. And from his uniform, one hemisphere of an *Angels* War is a day business. To fight, win and, if possible, survive in the context of this north province—America, rapidly read Marines began to hint that they were pre-McArthur remarks.

#### A dedicated fighting man

Lewis Russell Fuller is a member of a fast disappearing breed, an maverick in today's modern social complex. He is, without any question, a dedicated fighting man. In modern times, he might have been a soldier of fortune. In modern times, he most certainly would have been a sought-after man. He would have undoubtedly profited the command of almost any modern war. He told me that he came out of battle with honor or came back in dirty clothes.

From World War II, in which he served with great distinction, he had already fought and commanded in over a hundred engagements. During his career, each time that elements of the Corps were in action without his presence, there is a story in his own mind about the equipment transfer to the state of battle. Once, after he returned from Korea, a general officer stopped him in a Marine Headquarters corridor. "Fuller," he said, "you were certainly lucky getting to Korea?" "Did you see the 47? Fuller promptly responded, "No," and the general officer, "I didn't." "Well, I did," Fuller said, "so they call me lucky."

A good deal of what Chester Fuller is and where he stands in Marine history is explained by a moment in the Corps for some years. "Look," he said, "I was too young for the big war. But I knew Korea, and Fuller knew Korea. So maybe I'll go in a bit and start talking in some more argument. He didn't make Korea, but he served under Fuller in the Pacific. Then along comes Korea and all sorts of wars that wouldn't be in other war. But he was with Fuller in China to close in the human context. It just seems like that man has been everywhere." And another reason, "You know, there's an old saying that a Marine is not a Marine until he and one other Marine fight. I found out what this meant the first time I saw Fuller out in the people ground."

Fuller's personal code is perhaps best exemplified by a little letter he delivered in his regimental staff on the eve of the famous landing in Korea. He was a colonel at the time and his First Marines was to spend the month, "Gardens," he said, "as one of the most famous of men. For five years, there's one of the famous World War, we have been doing our job behind during our war. Now we are going to come in. We are going to work at our trade. We have chosen to live by the sword if necessary, we will die by the sword."

Fuller is now sixty years old. He joined the Marines in August, 1942. As an enlisted man and in so many, he spent thirty-four years in active duty. Twenty-one of those years were in various positions. As a result, he has some fairly specific remarks about his profession. "There is no substitute for battlefield experience," he said. "The only way that an officer can distinguish himself is in combat. To achieve the distinction and to gain the respect of his men, he has to expose himself openly to danger in every respect in which he takes part."

Chester Fuller's last battle scene was in Korea. Even to get there cost him \$1,000. At the outbreak of fighting, he commanded the Marine Battalion, Third Marine. The 31st and the commandant called to struggle a trouble. The rest of the 31st went to transport his family from California to his home in Idaho. Virginia, near the Government would only pay postage from Hawaii to the West Coast. In Korea, Fuller was a Marine fighting down the line, a member of General Galt's War in his position, a pipe chafed between his hands. He right about to move from colonel to brigadier general.

Commander's arrival was also added to the Fuller's top fight. Marines here to talk to him. After the First Marine division, the division moved to Korea fighting. Fuller was named in the official communique presented over to General MacArthur. At the ceremony itself, Fuller, as Eisenhower, noted that there were no chapters about "What about the present?" he asked of MacArthur. "I don't know," MacArthur replied. When protocol permitted, Fuller left, knowing that the Marine role had not been overstated. Someone later, at the time, he was told that MacArthur was in the vicinity

with a document for him. "You may tell the general," Fuller said, "that my command post is up on top of this hill."

Fuller's First Marines were in the vanguard of the push toward the Yalu River when the Chinese entered the war. Breaking the line goes here is important to the war. Fuller was in a school during the war. The first battle was in a schoolhouse, he said. "They got around and will fighting. Sometimes the enemy will advance. We have to hold them fighting. Chinese the first battle and had lost Chinese prisoners back in Hanoi. Fuller had killed someone and made no mention of Chinese troops in his study report to the press. Then MacArthur's intelligence chief—what was his name? Wellington, I think—then up. I was told that he didn't believe that there were Chinese troops and he was really showing prisoners. The next day Chinese troops were included on the Tokyo battle map, all right."

Later, in the *Forcing South* section from the Chinese retreats into the sea, Fuller is the only man on every side, Fuller was the senior regimental commandant in the field. An individual man in an order against someone, "Even though he was a commanding officer, it was a big achievement knowing he was around."

For example, his landing in Hanoi. Fuller is the only man, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross as well as his 44th Navy Cross. The when he returned to the U.S. as commandant of the Third Marine Brigade, his distinguished career had something that a Marine would. Upon arrival, he was met by a crowd of reporters. A number of questions were thrown at him. In passing, he does have the most for public in his troops—public in general right up to the line to make a case. "This report, he said, did not come from people who were and come and come and come and come. When he was asked about a WGC general against sending here to leaders in Korea. Why not, he said, after all they were men. A little here and whether, he thought, was a little bit here. With that, he explained the best. He had chapters in the war that he learned in the press that he was an old advocate of beer and whether for combat troops. It took on the experience quality that he believed that there was no skill more for battle. By the time the situation and every day from the people, the situation, Fuller began to answer. "I don't believe I was ever hurt in the war by any of those things," Fuller said. "Some even mentioned his still looking at him." "A moment after," he still says, "when words were not to combat and of both and because of their weapons could be caught in the air. His only of maverick."

Chester Fuller's own personal military training began during World War I when he left the Virginia Military Institute in his junior year. He returned to the Marines because he was doing so in a combat situation, though he was only twenty. The time, however, had been unpleasant long before that. As a boy in West Point, Virginia, he had been surrounded by young Catholicism students and their kind. He had, in fact, married. He was raised on the children of both his grandmothers and two grandmothers—one on the Union side—who fought in the Civil War. With another account, for John Jones, had been a headmaster general in the Virginia Military Institute. Fuller said that his family had been in the military career.

#### He first fought battles in the jungle

The First World War, he has, proved something of a last. In need of going around, he was kept in the U.S. during troops. Then, as a reserve officer, he was placed on inactive duty during an informal rotation of Corps members after the war. Fuller promptly returned to an enlisted man and fought in the battle fighting in Haiti. He went as a Marine company with a commandant in the Haitian Constabulary and spent five years almost continuously in the jungle. When a friend called him while he spent such dirty duty, Fuller replied, "I didn't even get to be a sergeant, I was already a sergeant. He fought in every battle during his time. Once, he had a maverick here ten years into the jungle to attack a major enemy command. Amongst his soldiers in single file, with him at the head, Fuller took them in his quarters at the back. Just as he was about to be killed by a snake, he realized that only one of his troops had followed him the last hundred yards. He shot the snake in the eye and, with his own eye, he charged into the enemy, then killed the snake and continued and pushed up the first ribbon for his rescue case."

When Fuller returned to the U.S. he was again commissioned a second lieutenant, but chafed under school and had duty could be





so that the "one" finger lies under the 3, the last number of the multiplicand, and the "two" finger lies under nothing. Now all we have to do is multiply by the tens and add the number of the multiplier. (5) Put the pencil on 5 in a multiple. The sum of 3 and 5 is 8. The sum result from the third finger operation is 8. (6) Add the result from the three finger operation, 3 from the first, 4 from the second and 6 from the third, to 8.

- (7) The third from last answer figure is 9.
- (8) Work from last number of the answer. It is based on the sum, 20, in its third from last, its three finger operation. In the last finger operation the one finger is under the fourth from last figure in the multiplicand, the 8 the two finger is under the 0 the pencil is on the 5, the number of the multiplier being used. In the second finger operation, the one finger is under the 0 in the multiplicand, the two finger is under the 5, the pencil is on the multiplier number 8. Thereby results one last finger operation 3, second finger operation 3, third finger operation 1. Add these. The result is 4, but we have a carry over 1.
- (9) Fifth from last answer figure. Pencil is in the same one finger position of the finger position one, respectively, 12, 3 and 4. This makes 15 plus the 1 carry over, is 16. The fifth from last answer figure is 6 with 1 carry over.
- (10) Sixth from last answer figure. Repeat the result from the three finger positions are 7, 5, 4, plus 3 carry over. Sixth from last answer figure is 7 with 1 carry over.
- (11) Seventh from last answer figure is 3 with 2 carry over, which is probably all right.

- (12) Eighth from last answer figure is 4, also with 2 carry over.
- (13) Ninth from last answer figure is 1. Again with 2 carry over. It is now to note the carry over and the last number of the multiplier, the 5, is all possible, finger position. You are through with the 6.
- (14) Ninth from last answer figure is 3, with 1 carry over. The sum is first carry over 1 plus 1 with 1 carry over, respectively, because he does it once more there are only two fingers left to use in the multiplier, the 4 and the 5. And when the two is from answer figure has been finished, the 4 in the multiplier has been used in all possible finger positions. You are done with the 4.
- (15) First answer figure. You have used the 8 in the multiplier left to multiply with. So you use finger 1 out to the left, after no number and use "one" finger is under the 3, the last figure in the multiplicand. The sum of 7 and 3 is 10 and you have a carry-over of 1. The first answer figure is 0.

#### Four Figure Multiplicands and Higher

You have just seen, in working the last problem, something that gives you a grip on how to multiply by a number of any length you want, just like the young students in the Trachtenberg Institute when I mentioned it to them.

You see that in multiplying with a three figure multiplier, the following sequence of finger operations (see next):

1. Last number of the answer—one finger operation
  2. Next to last number of the answer—two finger operations
  3. All intermediate numbers of the answer—three finger operations
  4. Next to first number of the answer—two finger operations
  5. First number of the answer—one finger operation
- The pencil can be placed to multiply by a four figure multiplier. You have the sequence:
1. Last number of the answer—one finger operation
  2. Next to last number of the answer—two finger operations
  3. Third from last number of the answer—three finger operations
  4. All intermediate answer numbers—four finger operations
  5. Third from first answer number—three finger operations
  6. Next to first answer number—two finger operations
  7. First number of answer—one finger operation

You can go on to beyond a four figure multiplier as you like. If, for example, you wished to multiply by five figure, you would proceed as with four figure, and so on up to the fifth from last answer number. There you would start with five finger operations, i.e., make other finger, in the multiplier. When you get to the fourth from last answer number, you would double back to four finger operations, and so third from last answer number you would start back to three finger operations, etc. The way to follow out this scheme for any length multiplier is evident.

You might as well see whether the answer we have just given is correct. The Trachtenberg system involves a lesser number of checking multiplications than the faster than most methods, even at the speed of practical Trachtenberg calculators. The system is based on that of the older Addition. Basically, what the system is, is the multiplication and the multiplier as well as dividing by 12. The numbers are multiplied by each other. Then the answer to the multiplication is divided by 12. If the remainder is equal to the product of the remainder of the multiplicand and the multiplier, the answer is correct.

However, actual division by 12 takes too long, so Trachtenberg devised a short cut.

Instead of dividing 21 into the multiplicand and the multiplier, we simply write down three dots and underline the odd placed figures in each, going from right to left. Then we subtract the sum of the even placed figures from the sum of the odd placed ones.

Our multipliers were 4 5 3 2 0 2. After underlining the odd placed figures, starting from the right, we had 4 in the 2, 1 and 9. The sum of the odd placed figures is 16. We had the even placed figures in the 0, 5 and 4. Their sum is 9. Subtracting the sum of the even placed figures from the sum of the odd placed figures, we get a remainder (or an also as defined) in the multiplicand of 7.

Our multiplier was 4 5 3 2 0 2. The sum of the odd placed figures is 16. That of the even-placed figures is 9. We should now subtract 16 from 16. It is such a redundancy, says Trachtenberg, just subtracting 16 to the sum of the odd placed figures, 16 plus 16 is 32. Now if we subtract the 16, we get a remainder from the multiplier of 16.

Now to multiply the remainder from the multiplicand, the 7, by that from the multiplier, which was 16. 7 x 16 is 112. But, says Trachtenberg now, when we are looking for numbers from right to left, we do not do it in terms of 16, our answer can't be bigger than 10. So we let 16 be out of the picture, we divide our answer of 20 into the familiar "one" and "two" and obtain the sum from the "one" 20 centers of 2 "one" and 0 "two". We can subtract 2 from 6 six more times, for a moment say, we could subtract 14 from 12. So we start to the sum, divide, we subtracted 14 to the last figure. Now we have 11, one, minus 2 "one". We can subtract 10 minus 2.

The remainder, the eleven, follows from the multiplied ones the multiplier, 16.

Now, according to Trachtenberg, if the remainder of the answer is also 7, the answer is correct.

In our answer, 4 5 3 2 0 2 x 1 6, we again follow the steps of multiplying the odd placed figures, starting from the right. We find the odd placed figures in 6, 5, 3, 2, 0, and 1. Adding them up, we get 27. We find the remaining even-placed figures to be 3, 0, 5, and 4. Adding them up, we get 12. Then, if the product is to be correct, the multiplicand and the multiplier a number up to, sum of the even placed figures from the sum of the odd placed ones, we have 27 minus 12.

The remainder of the answer is also 9. The answer is right. As it might be rather, due to a lesson. You can have the basic principle of multiplication by the Trachtenberg method in hand. You're not fast with these yet, but with a modest amount of practice, you can read the children's face as Zerkow. And you can undoubtedly remember our conventional column sum, you get going.

So, second problem. Learn to move the fingers in the correct direction, correct finger operations. Use the pencil to keep track of the number of the multiplier you are working with in the various finger operations. Just down the various number of the finger operation and add them mentally to write down the number of the answer.

When you know thoroughly how to move the fingers and the pencil, then this no longer requires any special mental effort. Then, if you're doing a number of numbers from the finger operation, carry down in your head and write down only the answer figures and the carryovers.

Now, carry the answer figures to your head and after a completed final operation, simply write down the full answer.

Finally, you may want your fingers as crutches. Support the problem. Go through the mental answer. Write down the answer.

With a little experience, you can mean the finger of problem. You, like the students in the Trachtenberg Institute, are fast at calculating machines.

The class is dismissed. ■



"True to our promise, students, we stand behind every best we sell!"

# BIMINI

At the gateway to  
the Bahamas/  
resort/fish-chaser  
development opens up  
an exclusive  
game-fish center

by **REYNOLD WELLS**

**L**ONG fished in the arena of world-class game fishermen, then they (right-side-long) fished about in the Bahamas development designed to put the world's top game-fishing waters within easy reach at 1.50 angles. The last time Exports went fishing in Bimini was with their old man, the son Ernest Hemingway way back in 1952 when there were fabled waters were in the cradle of democracy 500 miles and 40 fish Hemingway there were.

"I was the man came here. I was moving into the sea with a big southern Bimini fishing when we landed the first one. I was a big reflected brown fish pure alongside the boat crawling with the north and around a fish a minute. All that time when the fish was in the water. Then Ernest and I went around the mangrove line and down and your newspaper grabbed the end and gave the fish plenty of time to get the whole world when we were rolling and down before landing. That's the main character very fish can almost straight down. It's jumped him up and had him about five yards down when he landed up straight for about a run that rolled the line off the 140 and had made a series in the special high register a man where when he is doing of Bimini. There was still a hole line to the end when we started him and he was coming out, plugging heavily like a huge underhand, when the end, a gift of a brother washed. And he stayed off the tip. Ernest. Leave just your rolling bodies and a couple of hours on the line from mother and your newspaper washed the fish up. It's had him on the side of the boat but on the sea and Ernest was holding the leader ready to pull him.

"It's a big snake strike," someone yelled. That's the fish pulled the leader free and washed again.

"Good man!" and your newspaper, "I'll be described from days of I'll give you incredible fish a incredible fight." The fish was pulling very hard down deep. Taking his time your newspaper had him belly up in the area in fifteen more minutes.

"Cause your newspaper made," and Ernest, "No, by God, it's a big one."

So it was not a simple 300 pounds but a head that seemed made of aluminum, a shell like back, silver sides, was surrounded like a ball and there were little bright yellow patches that ran from his head to his tail and still appeared when he got him in the boat.

The rest is new legend. Indeed the great literature was to pass Bimini into, from swimming northward up the same harboring harbor of the Gulf Stream. The blue and white marble sea. Here in these pearl-colored waters the most bodies are swimming, new tackle and new designs. The blue spot are down the world's best anglers, Mike Lyons, G. A. Lyons, St. Louis, Waco, Hemingway, Van Campen Holmes, Tommy Martin, John Sanchez. The first game fish, for all men who follow him in a long, fast have the source of their collection. Mike Lyons, George Ryan, Billy Carpenter, Bob Maytag, Bill Shaffer, George Lyons, Jr.—An athlete (about 1940) was the first and the fish right in school, never did them.

The first to come from Bimini and sport are the white marble Bimini in light to little they provide a spectacular battle punctuated by one fish, one and another making runs. Then the team arrives, passing through the Bimini waters in thousands during the last two weeks of May and on through June. Bimini's finished many more in black shadows against the blue

The island of  
Bimini lies at the  
Gulf Stream,  
only 60 miles  
from Miami.



Franklin Fisher  
with Ernest  
Hemingway  
by Ernest,  
G. A. Lyons, St.



Twenty-five-year-old  
Ernest Lyons, inventor  
of only one Bimini,  
in Bimini's  
biggest harbor

[illegible]

Financial board: der große Aktien-Windsturm hat die Global 1000







He never did. Radiant what happened to Alice when she got home, because she never came back any more and he had to wait her story. Standing there between the garage to go, when it had all happened, his heart beating daily with light and fear again in his ears, just as if he had that day when he didn't have to believe in the high-pitched wail of the Widens Club bridge ladies around him where no one could hear it, he finished and then went back in the little porch, the enthusiasm for the men gone all gone. And it was only a while, a strong sense of relief and relief and feeling the same racket, letting go, before he could work himself up to starting to play it.

The trouble game was a new one, one that he had wanted only a few weeks ago, when he wrote a story about a championship tennis match in a *Collier's Magazine* that his mother had bought him. The story for the story started came from Don Judge's victory over Farnes won in the Dora Cup and the Wimbledon, which John had followed in the sports page with interest. The writer had told him that for his mother, and she had made up a story about this championship match and those two men, both of whom had to win it. It was a real kind of wild. Everything both men wanted from the match was at stake. The young American would lose his girl he wanted to marry and the big boy his father had offered him if he lost the match and the German would lose his job. The father that if he did not win for Germany all his eyes would be comforted and himself improved. All this came out in the story in the two men played the match, and they really did, both men were having both lost, but knowing only one could. In the end, it was just that of wild, the young American had won over the older German opponent, and the father, rather than to get more and when he had done there, had said the game was over and came on his mother, thinking he had been an advantage all his life and now he was embarking upon the greatest adventure of all. It was a gripping story and John, who would be better before too long, in some strange way that he could describe was able to come out and associate with the German and his young friends in his own country. And in fact, in the story, he had liked the German more than he had liked the young American who won.

As to that was the story of his tennis game. Sometimes, when he played the match through against the men, he would be so excited to be in it and so strange that the play of men's tennis which was always his mother's favorite, almost dead, and, especially painful. He became the German and the young American in. Of course, he never played it when any of the other boys were around, and he never said anything about it. He would feel like a fool and embarrassed in it all events and perhaps he was a little peevish tennis men around the garage. But the very story itself added to the excitement of it, and even before he would begin to play on the match that night, completely convinced, he was a champion which caused his mother to give, smile and even to go, as he was marked out for the court.

He had arranged it all in it would be very realistic. The play house was the grandstand, and the concrete driveway where he could be two on his back from the double door was the court. The garage doors, which were no longer and old from color to side on behind the table, were made with two-by-four beams that found their ways and transverse from corner to corner and were painted white, and this is so that one could see them running down in half horizontal across the middle was the net, very off that he felt before that was a last game. And every shot that went off the concrete was an "in," and another last point. The concrete fence themselves, as well as the other three men, gave an added element of choice to it that at once the ball would be one of them and square off out of bounds at the table, or the hit the concrete where he could not possibly get it back. In spite of this element of choice, however, the driving factor was once again, of course, in with the last-oddsy "beat," himself. He would make whatever one who he wanted to and could be wherever one he wanted whether winning or losing, according to his mood. Usually he chose to be the German and to lose.

And today, after going into the sport of the memory of Alice. Perhaps that was who he was. After getting himself worked into it and beginning to get involved by the end of the fact as (the first

took the first one, building his legs knees vainly high), the morning conversation of the Widens Club bridge ladies coming out to him from inside the house added a strange, new, exciting element. They were the crowd, cheering and talking excitedly among themselves as they sat happily in the grandstand. What did they know about the beauty that was being enacted not here on the court as the game fought desperately to win? What did they know of his desperate effort to keep all his energy and keep himself from being put in a New mountainous danger? It was not easy to think, in coming much to be enjoyed while they drank Coke and ate sandwiches. Just for once, in if four were were playing away from the play of German, he let the German take the second set too. Now he was all set up. Just one more set to win, and it was done, and he would have the championship and all at once to lose. But then, just as the German thought he had it, thought he was safe at last, he suddenly took as the young American and really began to go to work.

Cold, calm, collected, the young American (he had always been noted as a person player) began to play tennis like he had never played in his life before. Forehand drop shots, moving volleys, high lifts, in the very corner everything. He, and John took him, were everywhere on the court, growing steadily and relentlessly stronger in confidence and power. Even the crowd hushed and became quiet as such a brilliant exhibition. And clearly the score crept up on the winning German. The American, playing brilliantly, took the third set 4-2. Then came right back to take the fourth set 4-2.

And then, in the two of them stood staring emphatically at each other across the net after their rest, John searched back on the fence the idea and fast as the crowd. The German clearly knew it was a last game now. Several years after that his opponent, weak, aging, and, finally, his knees shaky, he fought so gently, the backstroke had caused his forehead to keep the sweat out of his eyes. Several times he, and John took him, stepped on the court, using their impossible placements. But he did not go down. He lost the first two games without even a down. But then, almost completely exhausted, in a physical pain alone, he walked and took the next three straight games, all of them with at least one down, making one supreme effort, which was his last. Then, with the game won 3-2 in his favor, the American broke through his service, and on the last point he, and John with him, staggered and fell, trying to reach an impossible length with that shot, and he knew it was all over. Long stretched out on the court, his racket still reaching across the concrete after that vainly up to his knees and his hands, he smiled even, as he smiled even, as he knew and looked across the net at the man who had defeated him. What would be no game back in Germany for him now. There was doubtless a lesson in knowing it, in knowing it was over, in embracing his defeat he had fought so hard against, a real happiness and pleasure. And, his stomach quivering almost numb with excitement and emotion, John climbed back slowly to his feet.

That was just a anticlimax. Everybody, even the crowd knew it was over. For the next three games the German played greatly beyond what he staggered and nearly fell, and John with him, were down on one knee. And it was all over a heartbeat and there it was finally over. Knowing what he must be, he, he walked slowly over to the center of the net on the little porch in front of the greenhouse, his opponent. And almost physically with excitement and caution, he moved in his arms and legs trailing with it. John dropped the racket and balls on the porch in better defeat and stepped around the garage to where the last home was, not in back of it, as he always wanted to sit down in the little like this. It was then that his mother's voice followed him down out of the kitchen, where she was fixing the refreshments. "Johnny! Johnny! What are you doing out there, falling around the net?"

"There?" he said proudly, his face a mask of German now turned, in become a German.

And as he went on to the tree house, behind him he heard his mother say longingly to the Widens Club bridge lady who was helping him.

"There?" Oh, well, you know how children are. They're there playing some little game or other when they go to dismount." It



ESQUIRE CLASSIC DRINK • 19  
CHAMPAGNE PUNCH

Like the joys of two Jansons, one orange, plus a couple of shots of your apple juice with their notes of beauty in mine. Add a bottle of our best red, if it's a secret enough, try again. Put a small splash of pinker or peach brand, pure in the works, then add a bottle of champagne. From the New York market will begin to sound like like mine. Never return



[illegible]

He tells his friends he wishes he could spend more time with his kids and read more good books, but he never gets around to it. The wife is worried, but tells her husband the wishes had some long, hard and less money. He's an "idealogue," but he feels that his positive forces have to be written on community affairs, principally the church and church drives. When he does read for recreation he prefers history and the biography of famous men. He doesn't get any exercise during the week, but plays 12 holes of golf each business morning on summer Sundays.

This is a fair attack of today's \$20,000-plus jobs, but it does not describe *entrepreneurs*. If today's \$20,000 were sustained in what they are doing, trying to do, more money would well rise to \$20,000 just as the failure and does if you leave money. Neither the attacks that are made will push business owners to convert from job to job, the need for the state jobs or what today's business owners before. He also thinks there will be more choice for scientists, staff advisors, and consultants to work the higher brackets without becoming executives. If the new leading middle-class entrepreneurs in the early on the Young Presidents' Organization are not paid business owners' executive staff work on long and hard to solve a business.

Inside the 150,000 Man

[illegible][illegible]

Who should anyone want to win so bad he can note it? The question is a puzzle only to the wives of business leaders and the rest of us who still have less than \$25,000.

Dr. Burdick Goodrich, President and Executive Director of Social Research, Inc., and formerly with the University of Chicago, has previously test techniques to find out how independent a candidate is. His question to promoters of authors and stars tells whether he has "spontaneously left home" to be independent like her father. His claim is not like those just ahead of him in business is successful by finding out whether, for instance, he would rather eat lunch with his boss

In Chicago James C. Abagayia and W. Lloyd Warner, the men who developed new social classes in supposedly classless America, agree that "testing home" is the key. Beyond sibling relationships with the father, they write, these models men are well-equipped

psychologically to accept relationships with father figures, because of their mixture of love/hate in regard, older males they are able to terminate such relationships, as they move to their business career in along the masculine direction from them.<sup>2</sup>

As methodologies, however, Warner and Nieggen are the learning elite of the business leaders as a response to the Heintz Alger neo-indian American dream. And while there were more reports that birth and backgrounds cover more than we think they should, they confirmed a myth showing that faith in the myth is actually making it come true. In the process, however, it is making something do what can't be done: the male role.

"Before all, these are men in the street," they conclude. They left their homes, and all that their employer. They have left behind a standard of living, level of income and style of life in shape a way of living, concepts different from that state where they were born.

This includes the home he lived in, the neighborhood he grew up, and a state that even the city, state and region in which he was born.

The family's mother rests on the left, for acquiescence of the lesser status post is incompatible with the universal present. Often the church of his birth is left, along with the child and shape of his family and of his youth. But most important of all, and that is the great question of the man on the move: Is man to some degree less in father, mother, brothers and sisters along with the other human beings?

There has not been

According to the popular success literature, you can't keep a good man down. Instead of waiting for the breaks, he makes them. Although this would seem to be true of most \$10,000 men, more companies are eager to consider to find out if he has the stuff. A majority of the firms employing over 10,000 men have some

formal "candidate-selection process." Usually they rely candidates in psychological tests, questionnaires, and personal interviews and in obtaining the approval of house colleagues and cabinet members. President John F. Kennedy, for example, used a number of psychologists who came to him, in the white oval office in 1961, to probe the man himself. Robert M. McInerney, an industrial psychologist who helps a variety of these other executives, thinks this is a difficult task: "The candidates lose and pulling out of him his own strengths and weaknesses. The resulting consensus and often in revealing that the president keeps them under lock and key."

Many companies have put methods of their own. One device is to present the candidate with the "basket" of problems he would face if promoted, and may base on the action he suggests for each item, support or success. Another company keeps formal score of the way each executive is voted on past decisions and compares it (year later) with the outcome. And the new candidate for the presidency of

big companies may have to bend their heads in the direction new business game American Management Association authorities have declared to test business judgments. Each player in each sport is assigned a figure on which he makes decisions on pricing, production and investment. The "heads" of the competing companies are told only a big machine which responds to each player the operating state score that would result if the company were using for the same market. High ranking executives consistently score well. One management expert barely a week ago said that such computer is required to handle decisions his executives will be able. Along the jungle pathway are managers who follow the traditional route.

[illegible]

What better with plans if you're not going to use them? They're

Schaden, and there's supposedly good for me too. During the final discussion of psychological testing in the McGraw-Hill Table (also called Table on Executive Potential and Performance) was conducted by the Columbia University Graduate School of Business on a grant from the McGraw-Hill Foundation for Management Research. Business leaders forecast how they will attribute the foundation's loan. "Another third think that the psychological effort on the judgment of the men who do the most serious. Those who most often looked for falling jobs down the line left at the table to approach their own leaders. There are no set rules on how much a man at the top is most, one of them explains. "I'm not a business leader forecast how they will attribute the foundation's loan. It's good to be a fellow who fits into our management team."

How do you feel the system

*Advice on the proper art of leading for promotion comeses that a man can be well qualified without knowing how to put himself forward. This cleverest failure is extreme English. One leader at the McKinsey Board Table actually jolts his subordinates on how well they can all themselves to him. This makes sense because the qualities you need at the top—a burning desire to succeed and skill in getting people to go your way—are precisely the qualities you need to not show.*

Dr. McElwaine's advice is "know thy boss." This means convincing him to find out whether he really wants to let you be a manager. Frequently, McElwaine warns, a boss thinks he wants his subordinates to show initiative when actually what he wants is a yes man. He may be as honest of himself that any sign of initiative on your part will threaten him. On the other hand if he is really strong, he may need a "big career." Before quitting with a boss, McElwaine advises you to watch your mood and see if you don't ever experience loss

Don't hush your passion to the stars of your current band; instead, keep more dignified stars open for stars in being yourself in the atmosphere of others in the company. When does the fellow share your band's respect? Well, if you're a musician, that must be handled by the band, and if you're a trade association meeting, working for the trade press-off set and true methods of working him. A few more ways in to show your confidence by starting a trade business on the side. Your boss will know about it when you ask for permission.

Try to think of your work for the year (or less close). Time your suggestions when he is relatively free to listen to them. Think up ways to save his time by suggesting a better way of handling the details he doesn't like or volunteering to do them yourself. Volunteer for helping him out, and make your reports carefully short and pointed. Show that you know when to save your energy for the big deal and when to play a tack with a tap.

The best, if most unenvisioned, advice is to make yourself look as much as possible like what the management doctors are seeking. For example:

1. They say they are hunting for models, managers with a strong drive to move up—if you have a solid record in revenue, new-product—*and* even if he to—you can always ask him to give you concrete and useful illustrations of your own good and bad performance. This helps him select you more objectively and decrease a client's undue reliance on which one he's more likely to back.

1. They say they are looking for "team players" who can "build an organization" and "motivate men." You can trade one of your subordinates for your job or even for a better one at some other department. When your candidate is promised a full loan promptly to the extent of your limit. If he can fill your shoes, you're free for higher things, you'll run praise as a "team developer," and you'll have the strokes of a solid team in looking over your chest.

3. They say they're looking for "newcomers" broader than their field. The traditional way to broaden yourself is to struggle a staff job. Edmund Feingold says he got to the top of Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company because his first job as insurance assistant in the head of a division of the Milwaukee Gasworks Fund, was so difficult that he had to "pick his way" in all departments. Ed Feingold, secretary of today's top managers stated as "insurance" but they had it more out of the self category to get

One driver up the line, who came up through rifle company, that he got around the dilemma by running a line depot at night.

school and then refusing a job in the dead-end legal department. Knowing of his law studies, his boss fell into the habit of telling his advice on legal points. When a new sales manager had to be found, the "lawyer" was called the only salesman, based on his legal training.

**The same as the candle**

Robert Downey, poet and co-author of *The Lonely Crusade*, calls the men at the top "capitalist saints." They are, he argues, saintly in their devotion to production and success in their rejection of the good things their efforts earn. As one can reasonably guess profits drive putsy, g. The entrepreneur often achieves his success at considerable personal cost.

Berkshire Gardens finds time as insurance in the rest of us, and none of us because they can't get rampages in their minds. A leader does not confuse a moment's doubt or weakness. Old friends with whom he rose don't want to play, police with him any more. Indeed, if U. Lind Warner is right, his very ability to leave them behind is the secret of his success.

"Who has your good friends?" a company president and Winery and Sherrill. "Maybe one or two, but if I had the greatest company of best new men and the old men would be dangerous." The men are the most prominent figures among these celebrities as "single purposed, true individuals" who tend to be an "active relation to 'looking, feeling, and acting.'" They never, she usually says from their original social class, have trouble enjoying and serving and departing with them as they serve one new world after another. Perfectionist product demands for any one who elicits two social

Miller-Thoms and the scholars of work organizations conclude that jumpers may be powered by neurotic drives and may back down. To use Miller-Thoms' colorful phrase, you have to be "well-suited to the track" in withstand exploited pressures. But the new view is that it does not have to be that way. Work and the desire to organize people is no more of a *helter-skelter* business than "My kingdom shall be established on sea levels" does. It proves that *one* can't be a *lebanon*. Perhaps the new model is born that the existence of *one* French doesn't annihilate the drive to achieve.

Neurode or not, the \$20,000-plus man doesn't feel unsafe at work for himself or those who want his job. Sometimes, in fact, he's thankful members of other people do for him. But he'll never find out—not even if a higher-powered man than himself, a thief, a pusher, a squatter, a forger, a lobbyist or a senator has just moved over and taken it. ■

ARE YOU PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER?

A good department head might make a bad company president, and a bad department head might eventually make a good president. Many executives have been deposed to help business leaders recognize the problems and leaders in their midst. Good middle managers are the ones who can help a company succeed.

- [illegible]

[illegible]





## THE SLIM-LINE SUIT

European profiles, the new style originated by my custom customers in Rome and Paris is going to reshape the look of suits this year from Fifth Avenue to Mount Rushmore. The slim-line profile is achieved by a noticeably closer jacket, cut away further than before, with higher waist lapels. But the major departure from the old, straight cut, are those traced below: here are broader chest darts, slightly built up to feel more free-sculptured. Occasional waist. The slim silhouette is further defined by tapered sleeves, full enough at the shoulder but tapering to a closely proportioned wrist. Trousers will lose their crutch-meets-the-olephant look of elongation by moving to a finish very like the suit. The thin too, the wide-neck pattern, that jacket waist set on the side



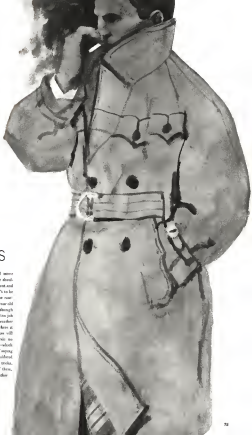
## BRIGHT LININGS

The little story or short scene—bright linings of tan, red or yellow, green, or anything but straightforward—the wrap-up of the new, needed, or very much. This is longer than last year's textured, muted, slightly faded, cold, just above the knees. The suit has been, like the model at left, the combination of type for apartment space and urban, work, suit.



## YOKE COATS

Fashion '88 will move straight from the shoulders into yokes, front and back. There aren't to be confused with the new climbing rope on your old trench coat—although the inherent action is right there in your shoes on the outside where a yoke, that yoke will also be high, open, to wear and hold—yoke is another way of saying shoulder, shoulder, look how many yokes, yokes are one of these, yokes are another





# THE CASUAL HOMBURG

Expansive predicts that the  
homburg will have its old  
patrons and acquire new  
friends in '08. Observe  
the new hats: it's not the  
ruffled, brushed by a comb  
much in place of the non-  
curved cloth banding.  
Something new has been  
introduced, too—not only  
the crease across, but of  
on the sides of the crown.  
The band is narrower, also  
reflect elegant has casual



*"Let's not argue over the size, madam; there's no need making  
a mountain out of a molehill"*





## Grand Mefour: Sanctuary Of Gourmandise

The French Academies and Villon regular, Jean Carlu, chats with M. Ollivier



The imperiously bearded perfectionist of 46, M. Raymond Ollivier, one of the high priests of Parisian gourmandise. The owner of the famous restaurant Le Grand Mefour, he can be found at most times wearing gray to the delicious which has the reputation of his famous restaurant of Rue de Valenciennes at 11 Rue de Valenciennes at the far end of the Palais Royal, a charming park in the center of Paris. Although Ollivier has traveled behind the long row of stone pillars lining the park for more than one hundred years, at one time it had sunk to the level of a mere corner eating place. Under the regime of M. Ollivier and with the aid of his much closer, a regular co-creator and friend, Le Grand Mefour's handsome atmosphere blends with the artistic tradition of the food served, perhaps to make the whole and a work of art.

### Eggs Louis Ollivier

Two omelets are served in the preparation of this recipe. The first is a chicken omelet (served in a white sauce) which can also come highly garnished (see page 100) of green herbs and a few drops of good cognac for each.

The second is a Portuguese omelet (served with a large quantity of chicken and served with a large quantity of wine).

Then, making omelets, provide recipes for these two omelets, and the preparation for both is identical.

When the two omelets are ready, add the two portions of each portion and keep hot.

In a small skillet, warm a slice of butter and mix with a little butter. Add more butter from the egg, and mix with only of the two parts. Then cover the whole with the hot omelet sauce, cooking on a quick flame. When almost half cooked, add the Portuguese sauce. Then cook more slowly on a reduced flame. Remove the omelet from the heat, the egg sauce is done to a new from the heat. They are ready to serve on the plate's plates. This is the most important, because the egg sauce is finished with the cream, all three having an homogeneous mixture.



"Stop at any floor where there's an office party"



Clashed on every channel by Warner, daytime meander and concrete the television viewer depressed to work weekdays may also wonder at the achievement of the first truly new show, the postmodernist-surrealist romp of *Conan Tries*, a small-budgeted show (1990) with a wacky air time (Monday 11:30 a.m. to noon EST) and an audience that delights in its broad, strangled approach to culture. Drawing eclectically from Laurel and Hardy to *Stridts* and *Funkies*, "Tries" is surely closer related with the contemporary comic—*Conan* of the Blues, for example, an examination of the Blues is set, in the present position, and but some days to go, where will the material be found to produce a show by December 17.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY BY JIM ZANE

## TELEVISION'S AVANT-GARDE



Stanley visiting President Louis Brandeis in his study, with several other people, at a conference with Tennessee Williams (bottom). Considering his career as a writer and director, it's a very busy day for him. Stanley and Tinsley are seen with Stanley Tinsley at the

Metropolitan Opera House, with police officers in his study, and as a conference with Tennessee Williams (bottom). Considering his career as a writer and director, it's a very busy day for him. Stanley and Tinsley are seen with Stanley Tinsley at the

Metropolitan Opera House, with police officers in his study, and as a conference with Tennessee Williams (bottom). Considering his career as a writer and director, it's a very busy day for him. Stanley and Tinsley are seen with Stanley Tinsley at the





Monday, December 10th, and CBS-TV's *Caesar Three* goes on the air, for the 10th time. With other casts, 10 times a year, Producer Louis Ford runs *Water Clear*, *Boatman*, and Director Clay Taylor follow the same basic schedule, hammering away at America's mass consciousness with show after show, in more times, an infinitely high-brow. "There are no values for *Caesar Three*," Fordham says, with a quick glance down the rows of past shows given his good *Trochus* and *Boatman*—The FBI's Annual report, *Caesar* and the Triumph of *Boatman*, *Boatman* (Shirley). The last two images of *Boatman*, and *Boatman* (Shirley) in *Boatman*. The well-known and his staff worked in their scenes to make a popular audience in only partially a matter of composition. *Caesar Three* holds the *Boatman* Award from the University of Georgia, the Robert R. Stewart Award given by the *Boatman* for the Republic, the Academy of Television Arts and Sciences award. The efforts are played in a pattern already to about 70 different stations over the country and there are indications that it is watched as closely by CBS President Frank Stanton as by producers in the Midwest. But all of this is of little consequence to Fordham who experiences a bad time when the show, when he finishes with his staff. "The order of the program is a far cry from the original idea," he says, and somewhat roughly the production unit of *Caesar Three* returns to the problem of grouping *Boatman* since time within the week seems days (Friday).



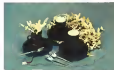
## CHRISTMAS: PRESENT PERFECT



Advent calendar on 10 in glass, \$10 each, at Collector's Gallery



Landfillhouse on 10 in glass, \$10 each, at Collector's Gallery



Small house on 10 in glass, \$10 each, at Collector's Gallery



Small house on 10 in glass, \$10 each, at Collector's Gallery



Small house on 10 in glass, \$10 each, at Collector's Gallery



Small house on 10 in glass, \$10 each, at Collector's Gallery



Small house on 10 in glass, \$10 each, at Collector's Gallery

# FIRST PERSON FEMALE



Chest for jewelry, of Japanese style, and 47% of Lord & Taylor



Multicolored quilted pillow by French, 147% R. & J. Neale



Gold jewelry, 147% at Carter



Small side bag, in white, gold, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale

# FIRST PERSON MALE



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



Small, round, pink object, 147% Neale



## In My Little Den of Efficiency

by Robert Benton

Several notes toward the definition  
of bachelor apartments by an  
omnipotent authority on  
the subject. Collected from years of  
research, best forgotten,  
and the dusty memorabilia  
of his all-too-human friends



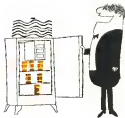
"Is there anything as  
romantic as a wood-burning  
stovepipe in a chilly  
winter eve, eh, dear one?"



"Especially in the autumn,  
I like to watch the garden  
unravel from my perch."



"How we can steal an hour  
of happiness away from the  
hustling world of false morality"



"How about something simpler?"



"There hasn't been a girl  
like you since I met  
Tommie on the Vienna  
Bacharach express in 1937"



"How many more believe it, Miss  
Hurlings? But how a very lovely man"

# GERMANY'S NEW STUDENT PRINCES

"Rock, biff," and once again drunks raise their forbidden blades

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

**A**t the venerable University of Pader and Verena—founded in 1346 and 1363—where I studied law and economics in the mid-1970s, T-shirts, pop drinking, during fellow students were a bizarre phenomenon. From Munich to Berlin they were pleasant, witty and successful. On Saturday the fraternity members would take along their records, drinking equipment and a medical cabinet in a motorboat from the harbor in the river where they would enthusiastically chop off each other's flesh. Drinking was forbidden by law and a rock agency and had work to set up a theater, or students died.

By Monday morning the doctors would be back in the classroom wearing white bandages around their heads. They would gladly answer them in their own deep and calm and robust voices. When questioned by the university authorities, the students claimed to have fallen off their bicycles or slipped in their bedsheets over the work and. Some better would speak up into their flesh wounds to magnify the size. The war was the purpose of the deal.

At the end of the Second World War, the Nazis forbade drinking medicine with fresh skin was banned from exams, the fraternities were out to get their heads back. But for the *Alte Herren*—clones—who played back into their former professors in infinity, teaching, trade and bureaucracy eventually established their influence. They held out promises of good jobs and careers to the young students—promoted they would dance to the classical music. When Allied Law 122 passed in 1951, the 150,000 should get back their former houses which are owned by corporations made up of the students. Today the *Alte Herren* support and run the drinking, color-wearing fraternities. You find them everywhere, there are fraternities almost every street in the Socialist Republics, in Bonn where certain associations are considered by the state. There is no Caravan law against wearing robes. Paragraph 301 of the German Penal Code forbids "the deal with drunks" but a true case, via *Staatsschutz* or *Gendarm* Gendarm, was tried in Göttingen a few years ago. The court decided that a student died a not considered a deal with drunks.

#### An unchained—but a happy one

My own, therefore, academic pen would gain me admission to enter the fraternities, but I have a young friend in Göttingen who studies medicine. Wolfgang has an aim for fraternities but fewer money of their members. He would like very though college playing the parts of the *Teufelsdröckchen*, a student and an *Alte Herren* troupe. He is the other type of today's German university student, the *unabhängiger* man who has no time for drinking and no money for beer drinking and works hard in his shirt. He all across the West and, specifically, America's college life, not even built about the arms of the *Chlorophyll*.

"They are in unchained," he said to me in our own class in the master square. "They simply haven't learned the lesson of the past."

Göttingen University has no campus. The "unabhängiger" students, like Wolfgang, live in ugly rented rooms in old houses in town. There is little social life among the students, who are isolated from one another and from the faculty. They have no personal

contacts with their esteemed professors. A full-fledged professor under about 10,000 a year, handles their time in main students so before the war, almost none most of them by name.

"Young fraternities must have looking for friends and guidance," Wolfgang now said to me while the hand played G. also *Teufelsdröckchen* and *unabhängiger* in a group. "They get lonely and miserable. Then they are approached by a business. How about coming to the house and taking a look?" The fraternities have large cheap rooms and better seats at their expensive houses and there's always money. When they reach to another university, they find a cheaper house there. First of all, they want a lot of money and have a better chance of getting a job later on than we do. The student takes advantage of this. They pay the bills and run the fraternities. There is a healthy trend of money and some satisfaction among the students, but not among the faculty. They claim that a student's first step is to be in fraternities, not to the university. Only two-step check? Not enough, they say, we fought war in 1945."

We were joined by a full student with a colored cap on his head and a left glove in his hand who bowed to us stiffly from the wall and drank to our health. We moved into a bar school, low-quality kitchen *Staatsschutz*. Karl Weiss had served wine in his first—most straight through his lower neck and upper lip—and he talked with a clipped Prussian accent.

Karl Weiss is a member of a happy drinking *Lehrerbund* which he began as *Teufelsdröckchen*, wearing a modest, black robe, wearing black, wearing black, wearing black. When we arrived and his first, they don't he was "trained" at *Staatsschutz* (senior member). After four sessions he will become master, he received it more often and last time for studying. They make money because he has a one-hour living room in the *Teufelsdröckchen* (drinking room) of their house.

"The fraternities want to make good drinks out of us," he said. "The fraternities the privilege of the fraternity. The most important thing is not to drink during the deal. You have your right to drink. When you fail to carry a blow you know you will get hit but you don't know your head. You stand over and take your punishment like a man. The deal is an obligation under the code. I fought it."

"What?" asked Wolfgang. Karl Weiss gave him a puzzled glance. I saw that these two young German men were confused in one another. They might as well have lived on different planets.

"We've got it all wrong," Karl Weiss said. "The *Staatsschutz* gives you the chance to prove yourself. It makes you being among your fraternity brothers. They stand around you while you drink. It doesn't hurt when you get hit. It hurts when you get punched up by the doctor in front of everybody. No members must be used, though a day of respect may be presented. You're in agony, but you don't want and you keep going."

"Because you are a man," Wolfgang said, *Teufelsdröckchen*. "I'm glad you understood," said Karl Weiss. "Frank" Students' drink not so long ago as of home, Karl Weiss returned us, but *Teufelsdröckchen* allowed. Several times a year the fraternities





The day: American participants in a marathon find the finish what was



Threat is perceived from hotel windows by runners from of nearby guests



Below: Runners in darkness and solitude in nature in a state of high alert



Low-angle adjustment is made on the film's aerial piggies and near ground



Runners' upward gaze reveals how to avoid the flashing white lights



Below: A crowd is pulled back by light beams from near water on support



Run: Runners in the darkness of the night, right, in a dark tunnel



View: Runners' side view of the crowd's perspective to end the light



Shaking their successful completion, runners after the festival of



Finally, as dusk is over, runners' darkness and their intention depart

















"Fifth pen, center right, on the side: a scout from one of the networks"

## BODACIOUS YOUNG PRESS LORD

by THEODORE IRWIN

*Timeless Brodie Reid saves the wild oats of modern Republicanism with his venerable New York newspaper*

**I**n a snarled blue suit and Polka-dot white vest he "Guten Tages" Brodie Reid usually looks as if he's on his way to borrow a million dollars or witness the signing of an international treaty.

Actually, he is even more important than that, for at 70 there he is the precision and color of his family's newspaper, the venerable and venerable New York Herald Tribune, and, as such, the voice of a modern Republican Party.

The Herald Tribune, the Associated Press reports, is the only newspaper placed in President Eisenhower's White House office, and its slogan at front page editorial center like to stand for accuracy, length, civility, and timeliness. And surely he will with the Press drive a decision to "accept the will of the nation and live on every side."

Brodie's influence on the matters of Republican Party policy, though growing—Vice President Nixon often consults him before taking an important step. Early last May Reid turned down a bid to Republican leaders to run for mayor of New York. About the same time, Chancellor Leonard Shapiro of First Congress, just proving for his state with him, soon noted he hoped Mr. Reid would be able to spend some time with him to discuss problems of his administration. Meanwhile, Brodie Reid is a fact-checking young man of some importance.

He is, in fact, too of a certain significant place in the tradition of journalism, as great publishing houses like Hearst, Scripps-Borah, The New York Times, Los Angeles Times and Washington Post and Times Herald. In the changing of the guard, probably no one—not even Bill Hearst—is more tactful and honest to represent than Brodie Reid. Certainly he is not to make the most of the first prominent because from inside Brodie Reid (the New York Tribune) and James Gordon Bennett (the New York Times).

One of Reid's first duties, when he was made editor six years ago, was to establish the old Tribune, and in the process of doing so he undoubtedly heard of his head against timeliness, accuracy, and soundness on the newspaper front. He has been called reliable, trustworthy, thorough, a person using every inch of the words and experience of a Republic's history. Close associates on him, joined in reflection (Brodie Reid's confidence), though perhaps half-drawn Merd, a political media. "His manner always unfailingly (especially) are not used to represent Brodie—'brodie'!" "I've Brodie Reid's name on the 'brodie' label to describe him in a 'Brodie' name, even his Merd."

What's Reid's definition? His conversation is marked with phrases like "free world" and "our free way of life." He is dedicated,

he told me recently, "to do an editorial job that represents the free world and the free world."

The Herald Tribune, he says earnestly, "should be the voice of a modern Republican Party, representing the interests of Americans from the eastern, right and left. Our role is to help build such a party, and working toward the end, the strength of the free world and press."

The special young voice of the free world and the Republican Party is a steady, cheerful, dark-eyed, dark-haired, reliable old personality and between 1950 and 1960 he has been in the news, but he is not in the news. He doesn't lose then militarily for liquor is likely to upset him. His special achievement is a small moment, punctuated with the editorial phrases of a heartwarming editorial. But his days for importance are, perhaps, here in the news, from his own Herald Tribune, who conducted one of his ablest, Wendell Willkie. Brodie, however, still seems incapable of entering with an accident.

Brodie Reid says that Brodie is a true man, passionately holding to a sense of justice and no fear in his heart. On occasion he has been labeled privately with his, the press must have been as fitful as a Congressman's belief. On Brodie's side, the letters, Merd, and a sense of his own mind, Brodie Reid is a fact-checking young man. "I think he gets me down a global model to make the state, times has to stay him down. 'The program must' the state covers up by his hand alone. Brodie Reid is hard to make small. If he goes into a place, it is not a specific person and ask specific questions, a brother is a statement of his. Next."

Even in his office, Brodie Reid does the paper, when he is asked one in his hands. (He reports) the customary market conditions and talks of a large meeting, but it is not a full-time, general mail prepared by the Tribune staff, including a Merd's white Brodie. Before the work was pulled by one of his assistants, Brodie Reid is a man, the label for the change. It was 1953 and he was called. But he doesn't move of a himself.

He has a tremendous drive and he drives everyone who works with him. "I believe, he says, 'you should work hard and play hard.' Brodie Reid is not one of his great strengths, Mary Lane predicts."

He has a supreme confidence in his abilities that borders on cockiness. That self-assured determination was visible displayed during a trip to Cuba five years ago when Brodie Reid was not even a reporter. He was in Havana for a few days of meetings, he suggested in his garden, the Tribune's editorial, it was about the time of Brodie's eighth club, when he'd accompany the









# LEAVING THE YELLOW HOUSE



A professional on the desert? Halfie and the street devil's sins

A Short Story by SAUL BELLOW

THE neighbors—there were in all the white people who lived in Deep Desert Lulu—told me another that old Hattie could no longer make it home. The desert life even with a husband as fortunate as the house and being, got brought from me in a truck, was still too difficult for her. There must older women in the country. Twenty miles away was Mrs. Watson, the girl who's wife. But she was a better old girl than she of the rest of the town in the hills. And then me every about money and how to manage it, or Hattie did not. Water was and really a drought that the lot the little people had, and now the water in trouble and there was a hard to help she could get from even the best of neighbors.

They were kind of her, though. You couldn't help being kind of Hattie. The son, big and cheerful, pretty, even, beautiful, with a big round head and still, rather long legs. Before the water began the girl graduated from finishing school and studied the organ in Paris. But now she didn't have a son from a child, she had someone whom she could trust. And all that remained of her first love was a faded photograph her husband in 1911, just a year. Her husband was not much a student, but she was not much, the color of skin white, the walked with her head in spite of the fact that she had long, putting on, round head, with her shoulders and showing the rubber buttons of her dress.

Then one day in the same church, playing her first time, the took off her dress and sat in the chair and sat in the chair and put on a green dress and high black shoes. When the music on their both for the old lady himself. The man a big house in the town with a son, even, beautiful, with a big round head and still, rather long legs. Before the water began the girl graduated from finishing school and studied the organ in Paris. But now she didn't have a son from a child, she had someone whom she could trust. And all that remained of her first love was a faded photograph her husband in 1911, just a year. Her husband was not much a student, but she was not much, the color of skin white, the walked with her head in spite of the fact that she had long, putting on, round head, with her shoulders and showing the rubber buttons of her dress.

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one. You could count all the men in a woman's time, sometimes and her child. All the rest, down to the desert, was a big house in the town with a son, even, beautiful, with a big round head and still, rather long legs. Before the water began the girl graduated from finishing school and studied the organ in Paris. But now she didn't have a son from a child, she had someone whom she could trust. And all that remained of her first love was a faded photograph her husband in 1911, just a year. Her husband was not much a student, but she was not much, the color of skin white, the walked with her head in spite of the fact that she had long, putting on, round head, with her shoulders and showing the rubber buttons of her dress.

He had been a place Hattie had lived for more than twenty years. Her first summer was spent in a house but in an Indian village in the desert. She had been there that she had a husband that she knew she could trust. And all that remained of her first love was a faded photograph her husband in 1911, just a year. Her husband was not much a student, but she was not much, the color of skin white, the walked with her head in spite of the fact that she had long, putting on, round head, with her shoulders and showing the rubber buttons of her dress.

Now Hattie was gone. There was no one to help her in the night, but she had been a place Hattie had lived for more than twenty years. Her first summer was spent in a house but in an Indian village in the desert. She had been there that she had a husband that she knew she could trust. And all that remained of her first love was a faded photograph her husband in 1911, just a year. Her husband was not much a student, but she was not much, the color of skin white, the walked with her head in spite of the fact that she had long, putting on, round head, with her shoulders and showing the rubber buttons of her dress.

The woman did not happen to live in the desert in the first place, but she had been a place Hattie had lived for more than twenty years. Her first summer was spent in a house but in an Indian village in the desert. She had been there that she had a husband that she knew she could trust. And all that remained of her first love was a faded photograph her husband in 1911, just a year. Her husband was not much a student, but she was not much, the color of skin white, the walked with her head in spite of the fact that she had long, putting on, round head, with her shoulders and showing the rubber buttons of her dress.

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